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* * *

The major papers of Otto Rank were given to the University by Jessie Taft in 1957, and additions have been made since then by his widow, Estelle Simon. In 1982, the Otto Rank Association dissolved after the retirement of its director, Anita Faatz, who also edited its *Journal*; the assets of the Association have been donated to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library to support the Otto Rank Collection; and additional papers of Rank, as well as those of Jessie Taft, Virginia Robinson and the Association have also recently been added.

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Otto Rank Centenary Issue

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Otto Rank in America

E. JAMES LIEBERMAN

IT was May 1924 when Dr. Otto Rank first visited the United States. For nearly two decades he had worked at Freud's side, becoming a prolific author while Secretary of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. Only a locksmith when he met Freud, Rank resumed formal education at twenty-one, obtaining the first Ph.D. awarded for a psychoanalytic thesis in 1912 from the University of Vienna. After serving in the First World War, Rank returned to establish a psychoanalytic publishing house while teaching, writing and practicing in Vienna.

Rank's more important books include *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero* (1909), *The Incest Motif in Literature and Legend* (1912), *The Trauma of Birth* (1924: it precipitated the break with Freud) *Soul-belief and Psychology* (1931), *Art and Artist* (1932), and *Will Therapy* (1936). His voyage to New York at age forty was endorsed by Freud, then sixty-eight and beginning his long fight against oral carcinoma. But Rank's independence proved incompatible with his role as chief lieutenant of the burgeoning psychoanalytic movement. Competition raged for patients and for power. Rank, the first non-physician analyst, was vulnerable to economic and political pressures from the medical establishment. Rivalry within Freud's intimate circle, especially involving Ernest Jones, led to Rank's painful separation from psychoanalysis and Vienna. He moved to Paris in 1926 and finally settled in New York.

In his post-Freudian period, Rank influenced the development of what we now call relationship therapy or existential psychotherapy. Frederick Allen, Carl Rogers, Rollo May, Fritz Perls,

Opposite: Otto Rank in his office in Paris with a portrait of Freud behind him, early 1930s. (Courtesy of Helene Rank Veltfort)

Ernest Becker, Robert Jay Lifton and Irvin Yalom acknowledge indebtedness to him. Jessie Taft and Virginia Robinson elaborated his ideas at the Pennsylvania School of Social Work. Rank lectured at Columbia at the invitation of sociologist William F. Og-



The University of Vienna about the time Rank received his Ph.D., 1912.
(Courtesy of Museen der Stadt Wien)

burn. Dr. Marion Kenworthy, who played a major role at the Columbia School of Social Work, was among the many American psychiatrists analyzed by Rank. As therapist or mentor, Rank influenced Ludwig Lewisohn, Anais Nin, Henry Miller, and other artist and writers. He died after a brief illness in 1939 at the age of fifty-five.

Psychoanalysis has not done justice to its own history. Despite many biographies of Freud and other analysts, the role of Otto Rank has been neither fully appreciated nor fairly presented. The defenders of orthodoxy in psychoanalysis consigned Rank to oblivion. They scorned his birth trauma theory although it led

Freud to alter his own concept of anxiety. They called him psychotic, a charge unsupported by objective evidence.

That the first full-scale biography of Otto Rank appears a century after his birth seems to suggest that he was only a minor actor in a great drama. On the contrary, a leader in the development of psychoanalysis as Freud's closest colleague, Rank discovered and first taught the principles and techniques which dominate the field of psychotherapy today, forty-five years after his death. Rank's genius, like Freud's was matched by a tremendous capacity for work, but the creativity of each showed itself differently: Freud the scientist, researcher and charismatic teacher found in the dutiful younger man an artist, philosopher and strong administrator. Their twenty-year collaboration and tragic separation reflects one of the great mentorships in history. Rank's influence thereafter looms large in the development of modern psychology.

The contrast between these two men can be illustrated with certain themes. First, where Freud made the father the dominant figure in child development, Rank asserted the importance of the mother. Second, Rank made the present moment the center of therapy rather than the individual's past history. Third, he re-established the human will in psychology where Freud recognized only wish and drive. These themes are interconnected, and with slight elaboration provide an introduction to Rank's life and work.

Freud's emphasis on the father stands out in his interpretation and use of the Oedipus legend. Freud defined a universal family triangle in which son rivals father to possess mother sexually. Women were passive in this sexualized struggle between generations. In contrast, Rank saw the maternal woman as creatively invested in life. His theory brought the origin of human conflict back to a pre-Oedipal source, birth. To overcome this psychologically traumatic separation, mother and child create an emotional tie to replace the broken biological bond. Rank found this tie, rather than the sexual one, to be the crucial attachment in psychotherapy.

Where Freud used the doctor-patient relationship to understand past history, Rank used it to develop the patient's conscious will. In its preoccupation with historical cause, psychoanalysis often bogged down in the multi-layered past. Rank championed emotional experience—that is, passionate, unselfconscious living—over knowledge when the two were incompatible. He invested the here-and-now, the present reality, with feeling and meaning; what happened in therapy was not primarily a clue to the unconscious, or the distant past.

Having begun at the beginning, *birth*, and having made the present moment, *life*, the focus of therapy, Rank confronted the future with his concept of *will*. This concept separates Rank more than any other from therapists before and since. With it he moved away from Freudian determinism to the idea of choice within limits. Rankian psychology implies responsibility coupled with freedom to create a personality. In this creative process, a psychological rebirth, the therapist serves as midwife.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Plowden first met Rank in Paris in the early 1930s. An actor and set designer, Mr. Plowden had consulted Dr. Rene Larforgue, a Freudian analyst, for help with some problems. After one visit he refused to go back. Mary Plowden then got a recommendation from the head of the American Hospital in Paris, Dr. Fuller, who said that the only man to see was Dr. Rank, who had cured more people than anyone else. Moreover, Rank treated his patients as distinct individuals, he did not put people into any sort of mold.

Mary Plowden's first contact with Otto Rank was by telephone. His voice impressed her as that of a handsome, blond, blue-eyed German. "When he opened the door of his office the first time I was so surprised: he was a small man with a potbelly, his thick glasses made his eyes look as though they were bulging out of his head. He was completely unprepossessing. Then after a short



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VINDOBONAE DIE XXIIII NOVEMBRIS MDXXII

A. Weichelbaum

L. Schroeder

F. E. Süss



Rank's 1912 diploma, the first Doctor of Philosophy degree awarded
for a psychoanalytic thesis.

while with him I forgot all about that. His personality became so important.”

Mary Plowden went to Rank to pave the way for her husband, not expecting to become a patient herself. Ultimately both entered therapy, most of which took place in New York, where the Plowdens returned with their year-old son, and where Rank relocated permanently in 1935. They each saw Rank once a week.

“He combined gentleness and humor,” she said of Rank forty years after his death. “One day I was opening up and he smiled. I said, ‘You’re laughing at me!’ ‘No, No!’ he replied with compassion, ‘How could I laugh at anything so sad?’” She concluded that he smiled because he was glad she could be open with him. “He said to me and my husband that he learned as much from every patient as the patient did from him. The work together was a voyage of discovery, very exciting for both patient and therapist.”

Roger Plowden, who died in 1960, became very attached to Rank. He enjoyed his therapy and made great progress. Rank’s death came as a shock to him—“he never got over it”—and though he sought help from a number of therapists thereafter, he continued with none. “He would never take second best. Rank did not scare him. Rank was the artist’s therapist. The others could not move into that sensitive area; with Rank my husband did not have to fear that he would be harmed.”

Therapy sessions were conducted sitting face-to-face. At times Rank would get up and pace back and forth. “He would smoke a pipe, which would go out, then a cigar, and it would go out, then cigarettes, and then he would chew Lifesavers. It was a contagious energy—you would feel this intensity. It transferred to my husband (and me, and I suppose all his patients) and he was able to enjoy life and a feeling of hope. Rank accepted him. Other therapists, my husband felt, were trying to change him, punish him. Once I recall Rank pacing around, explaining his approach: ‘I never try to cure. I utilize the neurosis.’” When she asked him if

he would see husband and wife together, Rank said “Not yet.” If Rank spoke about her husband, it was without revealing any confidences.

“Rank was clear, fluent, spontaneous, *dynamic*,—there was a



Rank on shipboard with Spooky, en route to Paris, 1935.
(Courtesy of Otto Rank Association)

magnetism.” She referred to his conversational English. His writing was another matter. “He once asked whether I thought his books were well translated. I did not think so. Then at the end he wrote in English, but it was no better.” Rank advised her husband not to read his books, but, “Read *Huckleberry Finn*, everything

is there." He told Mary Plowden, "Read my books and put them away; don't act on them."

There was warmth but no physical touching. Rank did not seem bound by the clock (once an analyst had ushered her out in mid-sentence!) and sometimes he walked to the elevator and waited with her. He was available by telephone when she needed to reach him. Once, at the elevator, unpremeditated and shyly, she asked Rank to come to a New Year's party. "Not yet, not yet, but someday I will," he replied.

Mrs. Plowden asked Rank about keeping her young son out of school. Both parents were artists: she an accomplished pianist, he an actor and painter. They thought it might be better for their son to be without structured teaching for a while. "No," said Rank, "he must go to school. We don't know what he is going to have to fit into when he is thirty, but that he will have to fit in is sure." Freedom within structure was the guiding principle. Another time she was sitting in a park with a mother from the slums. "Both our children wanted to pick leaves off a hedge. I remonstrated with mine and he continued to do it. She swatted hers and that was the end of it. Later I told Rank I thought I should have swatted mine, too. He said, 'Oh, no, that is not your way: you have to be sincere in what you do if it is to be effective.'

"With Rank there was no dogma. Everything was open from minute to minute. Nothing was imposed on you. He wanted you to open up and be as you might want to be but didn't dare to be. Talking about my husband, he said, 'You might not like what he turns out to be.' I felt this as a subtle suggestion to let go of any preconceived idea of what he was. It must be a process of finding out, without any restrictions."

Although Rank was neither dogmatic nor theoretical, he had a point of view, a philosophy. "There was a great firmness of standpoint, at the same time with great fluidity on his part, so you couldn't label the philosophy. You would rely on him very much during some phases of the work. There was an overwhelming

force but it did not take away from anything else—it gave you a force of your own.”

There was relatively little focus on her childhood and parents, only as it related to the present. He did not talk about the ongoing relationship with her, but remarked in regard to her husband that a transference had to develop in order for therapy to work. “You had the feeling that Rank was your best friend. That does not in the slightest mean that he always agreed with you. But I never had that feeling with any other psychiatrist. It was exciting. There was no other relationship like it. Rank was not looking for disease, he was not trying to eradicate anything. My relationship with him affected all my other relationships, it opened them up. One day I was telling him a dream I had and asked him to tell me what it meant. ‘What do you think it means yourself?’ he asked. ‘That is more important than what I think.’”

Mrs. Plowden and her husband had both seen Rank shortly before his death, at fifty-five, on October 31, 1939. They paid a condolence call to his widow, Estelle, to whom he had been married only three months. Estelle would bring Rank’s big airedale, Spooky, to the Plowdens’ when she came to visit. The friendship between Mary Plowden and Estelle (Rank) Simon continues to the present, the centenary of Otto Rank’s birth, forty-five years after his death.

Impressions of the Diaries

ESTHER MENAKER

IT was my first visit to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. I mounted the stairs to the topmost floor of that venerable structure with a sense of excitement. Of course there are elevators and one needn't walk the entire way, but in the last lap of the journey, of what I experienced as a pilgrimage, one encounters a dark stairway, a formidable iron gate and finally, a long, narrow corridor made to seem even longer by its low ceiling. There is a sense that the past is embalmed here, heightening the awareness of mortality and leaving one just a little apprehensive.

I had a mission. I had come to see the diaries of Otto Rank, the dissident Viennese psychoanalyst who broke away from Freud in the early nineteen twenties. Although I had recently completed a book about Rank's theories and their relevance for contemporary thought in psychology and psychoanalysis, I had relied, for information, on his published works both in German and in English translation. I had had no actual contact with the living man. I use the term "living" advisedly and metaphorically, for, although Rank died in 1939 and I had never known him in my psychoanalytic student days, the anticipation of seeing his diaries, of holding them in my own hands, brought him to life for me in a way which an acquaintance with abstract ideas and theories could not do. I felt that the diaries would be a living part of him, as indeed they were.

After the usual rituals of "security," the library staff decided that I was "safe and scholarly" and the diaries were placed before me. They are four in number and, in orderly fashion, I began by opening the first one. I knew from my previous readings that Rank had begun to keep a diary when he was about nineteen, at a time of great loneliness and emotional stress in his life. I knew the

first sentence of the first diary by heart from its translation in Jessie Taft's biography of Rank:

Vienna, January 1, 1903

I begin this book for my own enlightenment. Before everything, I want to make progress in psychology. By that I understand not the professional definition and explanation of certain technical terms established by a few professors, but the comprehensive knowledge of mankind that explains the riddles of our thinking, acting and speaking, and leads back to certain basic characteristics. For an approach to this idealistic goal, which only a few souls have tried to reach, self-observation is a prime essential and to that end I am making these notes. I am attempting in them to fix passing moods, impressions, and feelings, to preserve the stripped-off layers that I have outgrown and in this way to keep a picture of my abandoned way of life, whereby if, in reading these notes later on I want to trace the inner connections and external incidents of my development, I shall have the material for it, namely, my overcome attitudes and viewpoints displayed in order before me.

Yet, I was not prepared for what greeted me as I opened to that first page. I gasped on two counts: first, the page was so beautiful and so immediately revealing of the man's character that one could not but regard it as a work of art; and secondly, it was written (except for topical headings) in old-fashioned German script so that, despite my fluent knowledge of German, I could scarcely read it. Nevertheless, I felt inspired. A great deal was being communicated in the beauty of that page and in those that followed. I had been asked to write a small piece for this journal to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of Rank's birth, and since I had already spent many words describing Rank's ideas, I decided to make a virtue of necessity and to write about my impressions of Rank without content, to describe my feelings which were evoked by this "song without words" that lay before me. I think that Rank, who placed so much emphasis on the experiencing of feeling

rather than on the acquiring of knowledge and insight in his therapy, would have liked that for his one hundredth birthday.

In her biography of Rank, Jessie Taft, in referring to the diaries speaks of the sense of "authority" and of "assurance" which they



The psychoanalytic inner circle, Berlin, 1922: *standing, left to right*, Otto Rank, Karl Abraham, Max Eitingon, Ernest Jones; *seated*, Sigmund Freud, Sandor Ferenczi, Hans Sachs. (Mary Evans/Sigmund Freud Copyrights)

convey. I agree, but it is more than that. In the rather small, elegant calligraphy, the absence of corrections, the placement of sentences on the page and the sense of organization, one perceives how seriously the young man took himself; one feels his effort to create himself not only through the content of his record of "moods, impressions and feelings" but in its very format. The pages are carefully numbered, the headings are often underlined, the paragraphs are well indented at the topical headings and the ending of the development of an idea is often marked by a small,

linear scroll such as one would find in a printed book of Victorian vintage.

However, this young man of scarcely nineteen is not playing at making a book; he is structuring himself, and in so doing it is clear that the aesthetic dimension is of extreme importance to him. It is little wonder that Rank's earliest psychological interests are concerned with the personality of the artist, for he himself is an artist. Much later in his career when he writes about creativity in *Art and Artist* he speaks about the fact that the first creative act of the artist is his own self creation, his appointment of himself as "artist," the creation of his own personality, of his own self-conception. This is clearly apparent in the diaries, even without considering their stated purpose, namely, as Rank puts it, for his "own enlightenment."

In the creative effort that is so visible in the order and beauty of those pages Rank reveals the will to build himself. His is not the stormy expression of emotion that characterizes the written forms of geniuses of a different temperament. I have seen reproductions of the original scores of Beethoven in which the very penstrokes bespeak his tempestuous nature and the cosmic breadth of his conflicts and feelings. Rank's handwritten pages reflect his purposefulness, his orderly determination to study himself through the projection of his thoughts and reactions in a way that is designed to create beauty through the very organization of form. In this sense the diaries are a reflection of Rank's personality, of his faith in the possibility of achieving his goals, of the culture from which he stemmed and the era in which he lived. Such planful design, such disciplined investment in the production of a finished work is indeed Germanic. Although Rank acquired the encyclopedic breadth of his knowledge on his own long before he had any formal higher education, one can still see in his disciplined penmanship the small schoolboy bowing to the will of the stern Vi-

Overleaf: Front cover and opening page of the first volume of Rank's diary, January 1903.

Tagebücher I.

1. Januar 1913 bis 22. Februar 1914.

Mein.

ennese schoolmaster who would insist that each page be perfect. But in due time Rank made that will his own. He harnessed all his energies in the service of making something of himself and of overcoming the disadvantages of the culturally impoverished home from which he came.

Unlike most of the psychoanalysts in the early days of the psychoanalytic movement, who came from middle class families and generally had completed a medical as well as a psychiatric education before becoming analysts, Rank came from a poor family. His father, who drank heavily and only provided a meager living for his family, had no educational or professional ambitions for his second son. There were no aspirations at home with which Rank could identify. He was sent to a technical school to learn a trade and worked as a machinist for several years before the opportunity arose for him to acquire the higher education appropriate to his interests and abilities which would finally eventuate in his becoming one of the most original and seminal thinkers in the psychoanalytic field. It was in the creation of that opportunity that Rank displayed the same will and determination that is apparent in the structure and beauty of the pages of the diaries.

It is little wonder that Rank became the psychologist of the will, and of the creative will at that. At a time when it was unfashionable to speak of "will," when a concern with the creative forces operating in the universe and in human psychology as well was considered trivially metaphysical, and when a strict determinism dominated the so-called scientific spirit of the times, Rank dared to express his awareness that not everything in human life is predictable on the basis of the knowledge of an individual's past history, as Freud had taught. For each individual is unique and carries within him or her the potentiality for creating something new, different and unexpected out of past experience, indeed, of creating himself in a way that one might not have guessed merely from the knowledge of a person's familial history. Who would have guessed that Rank himself at about the age of twenty, with

no academic training at the time, could have written a treatise about the psychology of the artist, *Der Künstler*, based on his reading of Freud's work. It was this work which brought him in contact with Freud who helped him to get a higher education and ultimately to become a psychoanalyst. The motivation to forge his own personality and his own destiny, and the faith that his individuality would prevail, are manifestations of the same will that is expressed in the very existence of the diaries. Rank's decision to keep an account of his thoughts, feelings and reactions is in itself an act of will. To do so with the beauty and precision that we can now see before us is a mark of the creative artist and to do so within the aloneness of his situation at the time attests to his great courage.

Since my visit to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library, I have had the opportunity to read a German typewritten transcription of the diaries. When one becomes familiar with their content a new aspect of Rank's self-building comes to light. In some ways the diary reveals Rank's chronological age, for it contains the normal *Weltschmerz* of adolescent years. Yet it reveals much more than the young author's sympathetic vibration to the pain of the world; it expresses the hungry striving to take in the world. Through his avid reading Rank became familiar with, among other things, the philosophers of his time; Nietzsche had a profound influence on him, as is well known, and this becomes evident in the form and nature of his concerns and opinions as they are expressed in the diaries. Again Rank is busy gathering emotional and intellectual nutrients for the further structuring of his own personality. No matter how interesting the content, the memory of the form and beauty of the first page of the first diary persists like the memory of the passing sight of a much admired painting, seen briefly, in a museum.

As I returned the diaries to the librarian and left Butler Library, I recalled how central the issues of mortality and immortality are in Rank's thinking about the human dilemma. For him, the pri-

mary struggles, fears and conflicts in life revolve around the striving to achieve selfhood, only to become aware of its loss in the end through its mortal nature. Thus, the human creature tries to invent ways to insure some sort of immortality, to perpetuate the self, either through procreation, through identification with an ideology which will outlast the individual self, or through some creative product. Rank began his journey to immortality in the creative work of the diaries. They are an introduction to the profound insights into human psychology which follow in all his subsequent works; it is fitting that we should remember their beginnings on the one hundredth anniversary of Rank's birth.

Tagebuchblätter eines Totgeborenen: Diary Leaves of a Stillborn

OTTO RANK

TRANSLATED BY GRETLE WÖLFEL COX
AND E. JAMES LIEBERMAN

What is left:

A few wise principles at best,
that hardly matter to the rest;
but of fortune not a trace
survives the torment of this race.

Begun in late autumn, no matter where and when.

2 November [1904?]

I HAVE done with life. When? It was never different, as long as I can remember. These notes are not the confessions of one who is tired of living and wants to salve his conscience by confessing and then turn his back on life, but the woeful tale of a stillborn who one day awakened to realize his state and to give himself, and those who wish to know, enlightenment and an accounting.

What motivated the following record of deliberations, images and events was a driving need to capture those friendly and liberating scenes which appeared occasionally during the painful time of waking, so there would not always be doubt as to their actual experience. For there is indeed a state of mind in which this is a common occurrence and in such cases one can only use the art of writing—if one cannot express one's experience in any other way—in order to conjure disconcerting spirits into concrete form.

This is no easy task. For mostly one is forced to renew experiences in connection with a mood and to regard them with emotion

as if they were those of a deceased loved one. The reason is that as a stillborn one never really experienced them, and in waking reminiscence relives at least enough to taste real life, which as they say in all the books, can be found somewhere out there, though not known first-hand by the writers themselves.

5 November

Man is unsuited to survey and regard his own life in context. For it really has not a logical context but a temporal one, which exists only in the present moment, but to dissolve in its wake. Furthermore, if one has really lived, nothing remains to be surveyed. The past is a corpse in which the germ of life has died, and if something remains which invites contemplation, then it has not been lived at all or at best incompletely. The person died there: the price for an immortal past which gradually consumed the real life-strength. The past is alive, but allows its bearer no more life unless he denies its connection to his ego, disowns it.

Mountainlake in the Summer

A mild night lit by a full moon, which transforms everything into an unreal magical mood. In one of the gardens which lead down to the lake she sits on a bench, surrounded by bushes and a carpet of grass. First we speak a few halting words, then tiptoe down to the lake and soon we are sitting in the boat. First opposite one another, then side-by-side. Our hands find one another, our lips. We awake and look upwards: a starry sky is stretched out over us, as if to confirm the impression of the unreal. The boat drifts slowly and aimlessly like our souls. Today I know that that would have been happiness—had I let myself live it out. But I was dead then, and only the memory has stayed alive. I really did experience it. I can still name the place and the year—of course I had no witnesses—I even know the name of the boat. And she lived next door, was slender, very blond with a delicate profile, and her name was . . . I forgot her name, but somewhere I must still have

her calling card which she slipped into my hand in parting. This card shall determine whether I came close to experience then in order to be happy in today's reminiscence.

In all this the negative nature of the happy condition can be seen: one does not recognize when one is in that state, whereas the absence of the mood shows itself clearly. To *have* happiness is no trick, even the proverbial dummy can do that. But only the fortunate can be happy, i.e. can seize, make use of and change luck in order to feel happy, and that without having luck. What does one need to be happy? Nothing external, or hardly anything; something one can smile at once a day; it may be something inanimate, or even a dog or a bird, in the best case a person who can return the smile. But the main point is to be able to smile; how simple it seems, but those are the basics. That's all. In addition, perhaps to be able to caress something and feel it now and then push against the hand, liking to be caressed.

A Forest Path in Midsummer

Outside early in the morning. In solitude, comforting beyond description. Solitude? For her, to whom my ego is tied with a thousand threads, I gather a bouquet of the most beautiful wild-flowers, cyclamen, and bring them to her for the moment she awakens. Surprised, she finally opens her big blue doll's eyes and looks at the world, at me, at the flowers. Did her precious glance touch me once and was it meant for me? Where is it this moment? In my cursed memory and bores itself into my brain and keeps repeating that I was happy then, could have been even happier, had I but lived. What then did I do? I know only too well what—I pretended then and earlier and later "to be happy."

I saw how the others live and in order also to live I began to play a role which partly I copied and partly made for myself. As a dead person I tried to act out a life, my life. Like a boy who secretly mimics the grownups' smoking, I gaped at the life of the living and followed suit.

When did I really live my own life? Perhaps in times of severe illness, where the ego appears unmasked. But besides? I always lived only as the others wanted and expected. If they expected studying, I was a diligent student: if they expected professional work, I was a tireless worker; if they expected love, I was the lover; no role was too difficult for me, I nowhere refused except at real life itself.

Love! The individual's protection against being overpowered by the sex drive, this mixture of sentiment and sensuality, of comfort and passion, of stupidity and self-effacement has never satisfied me. Whether you love the hair or the foot, gait or dress, voice or eyes, soul or body, the whole or a part, it still always remains piece-work. And chief is the loveable role: as child, as father, as brother, as childhood friend, as surrogate for the first love or the last, for everything you are not but want to be, most by parents, then by the sweetheart, and finally by the wife. So why pretend? Ultimately mustn't one play the role which has been so successful?

The original text copyright © 1984 by the estate of Dr. Rank and used by permission of the author's representative, Gunther Stuhlmann.

Two Early Poems

OTTO RANK

Weltschmerz: Lines Before Breakfast

(dedicated to myself on my nineteenth birthday)

This morning I walked through the city
Sick in my heart and my soul,
I longed to be blind to the world,
To all but the ground at my feet.

Then my eyes flew suddenly upward,
Pulled by a magical force,
And my glance was arrested and nailed
To a bleak little black sign.

As I stood there, intent and bewildered
The inscription slowly grew clear,
And I read—alas that I read it—
“Headquarters: cremation committee.”

Poor heart, what are you listening to?
Can you hear death composing lullabies?
Or laden with sorrow, do you feel
The pangs of longing in those printed words?

April 16, 1903

School for Preparing

I unharness the clumsy horses of my mind
From the plough of prose and in their place
I harness a pair of light poetic prancers,
And look at them, they are winged too!
Come on, let's fly to the sun!

My nervous racers neigh and seem to mock me,
They paw the ground with delicate distaste:
“Do you really think this clowning with Pegasus
Will bring you closer to the distant Muse?”

No man commands the creatures of Pegasus,
Whoever dares it pays for the attempt,
And do you want us to call *you* Master?
Then take a second look; we are not real.”

“Say nothing more: your threats do not unnerve me,
I'm using you to help me towards the real,
And when I mount you, flyers of Pegasus,
At least you carry me in the right direction.”

And if I should ever mount the true Pegasus,
I would not hesitate nor be afraid,
I would have learned from my journeying

How to rein imaginary horses, and that to ride
What seems unreal is only to come closer
To the heart of everything where all is real.

October 23, 1904

Adapted by Miriam Waddington, from the
German and from the literal translation
by Annemarie Neumann

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Beeson gift. Professor Jack Beeson has presented the twelve page holograph manuscript of Aaron Copland's "Four Motets," composed in the fall of 1921 while the composer was studying with Nadia Boulanger in Paris. Among Copland's earliest compositions, these four choral works—"Help Us, O Lord," "Thou, O Jehovah, Abideth Forever," "Have Mercy on Us, O My Lord" and "Sing Ye Praises to Our King"—were conducted by Boulanger in a performance in 1924 and again in Paris in February 1937, but they were not published until 1979. Accompanying the manuscript is Professor Beeson's correspondence with Copland concerning the writing and publication of "Four Motets."

Brown gift. Mr. James Oliver Brown has presented, for addition to the papers of his literary agency, approximately 950 letters and thirty-five manuscripts of Erskine Caldwell. Covering the period from 1951 to 1962, this major file documents the novelist's books and magazine articles, as well as his lectures, travels and social activities.

Clifford gift. The papers of the late Professor James L. Clifford have been considerably strengthened and enlarged by the recent gift from Mrs. Virginia Clifford of more than a thousand pieces of correspondence, drafts of manuscripts, research notes and printed materials relating to his courses and lectures, articles and essays, and books, *Biography as an Art* and *From Puzzles to Portraits*.

Gilvarry gift. Among the group of important literary editions and manuscript items presented by Mr. James Gilvarry are association copies of first editions by Louis MacNeice: *Poems*, New York, 1937, F. W. Dupee's copy with his signature and pencil markings on several pages, and with the autograph of the author;

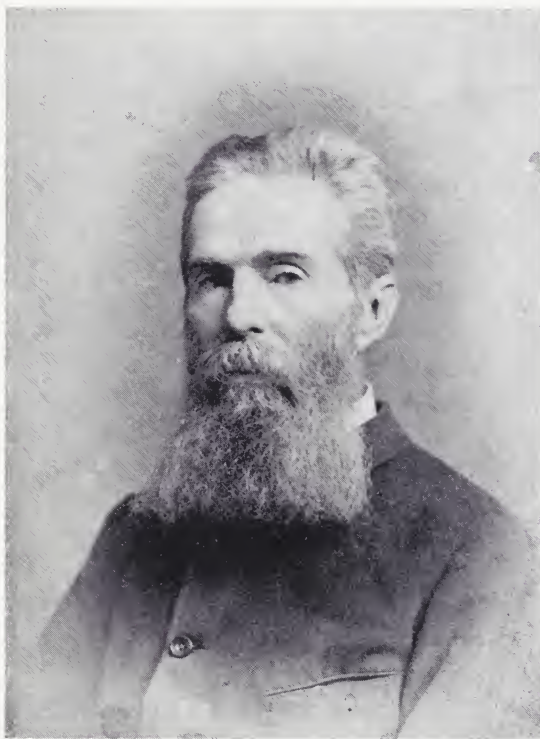
Eighty-Five Poems, London, 1959, inscribed to Allen Tate; and *The Burning Perch*, London, 1963, an uncorrected proof copy with the title on the front wrapper written in ink by MacNeice. The gift also includes an original 1885 photograph of Herman Melville, by Rockwood of New York, framed with a signature of the author, and an autograph manuscript by Padraic Colum of his poem, "The Sea Bird to the Wave," dated December 18, 1916. There are also two letters: one written by Ezra Pound to Seumas O'Sullivan (pseudonym of James Starkey), ca. December 1914, regarding O'Sullivan's publication of poems in *Poetry* and mentioning Colum; and the other written on February 11, 1927, by George Santayana to Edward Titus, publisher of The Black Man-ikin books, pertaining to possible manuscripts for publication.

Haeberle gift. Upon learning of Professor Frances Henne's recent gift of her extensive collection of rewards of merit, Ms. Florence Haeberle has presented for addition to the collection a most unusual 1880s salesman's sample of rewards, an accordion display of twelve cards entitled in ink, on the front "1 Doz. Reward Cards @/5¢ Doz."

Halper gift. The papers and library of the late Nathan Halper (A.B., 1927; Ph.D., 1973) have been presented by his widow, Mrs. Helen Marjorie Windust Halper. Dr. Halper's collection reflects his lifelong interest in, and research on, James Joyce, particularly the Irish author's *Finnegan's Wake*. Included in Mrs. Halper's gift are the notes and manuscripts relating to his writings on Joyce, correspondence with Joyce scholars throughout the world, and manuscripts and correspondence pertaining to his translations from Yiddish literature and his interest in chess and other games.

Hazard gift. Professor Emeritus John N. Hazard has presented a collection of 224 First World War posters, mainly American, but also including examples of English, French, Canadian and Italian

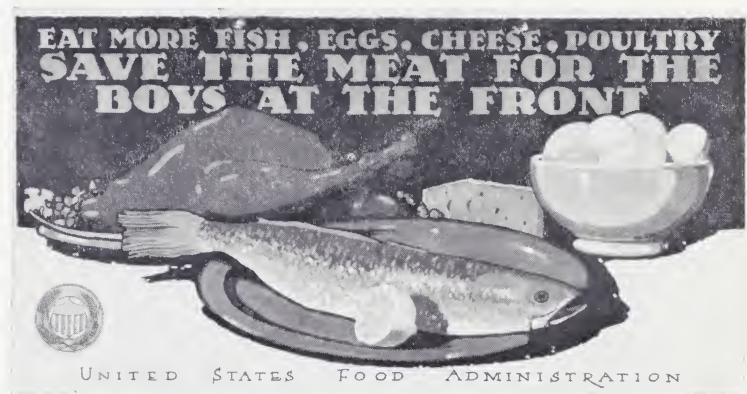
poster art. The major poster artists of the period, Howard Chandler Christy, Joseph Pennell and James Montgomery Flagg, are represented in the gift, the latter by perhaps the most familiar and striking American poster of the War, "Uncle Sam Wants You."



Photograph of Herman Melville, 1885, by Rockwood of New York. (Gilvarry gift)

Kraus gift. One of the most significant works in the field of modern Japanese papermaking, *Tesukiwashi Taikan*, has been presented by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kraus. Published in Tokyo in 1974 by the Mainichi Newspapers in a limited edition of one hundred sets, the monumental work in five folio cases and one quarto case

contains over one thousand exquisite paper samples collected from approximately eight hundred Japanese households still engaged in hand-papermaking. The samples include dyed, lacquered and layered papers, and the six volumes of text in the quarto case provides a wealth of technical and historical information.



Poster by L. N. Britton published by the United States Food Administration during the First World War. (Hazard gift)

Lamont gift. Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932) has presented files of his correspondence with the daughter of the late Poet Laureate, Judith Masfield, and with the journalist and political writer, Ella Winter. The correspondence with Judith Masfield from 1967 to 1983 numbers more than one hundred letters, many of which relate to her father's poetry and her own writings. The fifty pieces of correspondence with Ella Winter, dated 1940–1976, concern their interests in the Soviet Union, the Vietnam War protests, and the writings of Donald Ogden Stewart, among numerous other subjects.

Mayer gift. Mr. Martin Mayer has made substantial additions to his collection of papers and that of his late wife, Professor Ellen Moers (Ph.D., 1954), including files relating to his Sloan Foundation study on cities and universities, and more than three thousand

letters and research materials pertaining to Professor Moers's writings on various writers and literary subjects, Theodore Dreiser, Emily Dickinson, George Sand, the dandy, and feminism and literature. Among the latter group there are letters from F. W. Dupee, Erica Jong, Lionel Trilling and Angus Wilson.

Melman gift. Professor Seymour Melman (Ph.D., 1950) has added to the collection of his papers the research materials and manuscripts for his *Inspection for Disarmament*, 1958, and *Permanent War Economy*, 1974.

Myers gift. A group of first editions and autograph letters relating to Padraic Colum and other Irish writers has been presented by Professor Andrew B. Myers (A.M., 1947; Ph.D., 1964). Among the items in the gift by Colum are: *Ten Poems*, 1957, one of five hundred numbered copies, autographed on the fly-leaf; *Three Men*, 1930, one of 530 signed copies; *The Voyagers*, 1925, inscribed to John Rogers; an autograph letter written to Harvey Norris, December 12, 1916, mentioning Willy Pogany; and two letters to George Reavey, undated and December 27, 1955, concerning the Irish Literary Society and Reavey's book of poems, *The Colors of Memory*. Other writers represented by first editions include Lady Gregory, Nigel Heseltine, Shaemas O'Sheel and Dora Sigerson. Professor Myers has also donated three letters written by John Greenleaf Whittier, one of which, dated March 5, 1888, relating to the Household Edition of his poems, is to Francis J. Garrison, author and editor at Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

O'Brien gift. Mrs. Justin O'Brien has presented Henri Michaux's *Lecture*, published in Paris in 1950 by Editions Euros and Robert J. Godet, and illustrated with eight lithographs in color by Zao Wou Ki, one of the few Oriental artists living in the West who worked on book illustration. Issued in a portfolio, the copy is one of sixty-five on Rives paper.

Palmer gift. A group of 227 volumes, primarily in the fields of literature, history, popular culture, film and theatre, has been donated by Mr. Paul R. Palmer (M.S., 1950; A.M., 1955). Included are first editions by John Gardner, Jack Kerouac, Edward Sackville-West, Margaret Talmadge and H. G. Wells.



Lithograph by Zao Wou Ki published in Henri Michaux's *Lecture*, Paris, 1950. (O'Brien gift)

Philip Morris gift. By means of a grant from Philip Morris Incorporated, the archive of *Grand Street* has been acquired. Edited by Ben Sonnenberg, the literary magazine has been published in New York since the autumn of 1981. Among the three hundred manuscripts and proofs in the collection, representing the first two years of publication, are those for short stories, poems and critical essays written by leading contemporary writers, including W. S. Merwin, Ted Hughes, Ruth Fainlight, Laura Riding Jackson, Richard Howard, D. M. Thomas, James Merrill, Irving Howe, R. P. Blackmur, Francis Steegmuller, Anthony Hecht, Robert

Penn Warren and Virgil Thomson. The collection also contains correspondence from many of the authors concerning editorial matters relating to their publications.

Pinski gift. In memory of her husband, the late Henry Pinski (B.S., 1919; Chem.E., 1921), Mrs. Anna Pinski has presented a first edition of Henry Schliemann's *La Chine et le Japon au temps présent*, Paris, 1867, which the author, the renowned German archaeologist, inscribed in classical Greek in 1874 to his friend, John Meredith Read, the American minister to Greece.

Salloch gift. Mr. and Mrs. William Salloch have presented the only recorded copy of the Italian incunable broadside, *Lettera Indulgentiae*, printed in Milan by Leonard Pachel between 1484 and 1492. The text of the Indulgence, issued by Pope Innocent VIII, expresses approval of a newly founded monastery of the Augustinian Hermits in Crema. The broadside was signed by the abbot of the monastery, Augustinus de Crema, who is known as the author of *Historia S. Pantaleonis*, published in 1493.

Schapiro gift. University Professor Emeritus Meyer Schapiro (A.B., 1924; Ph.D., 1931; D.Litt., 1975), has presented a fine copy in contemporary vellum of Dionysius Areopagiticus, *Opera*, printed in Antwerp in 1634 by Balthasar Moretus at the Plantin Press, notable for the engraved title-page by Cornelis Galle after Peter Paul Rubens in the first volume. Other items presented by Professor Schapiro include: Maurice Alhoy and Louis Haurt, *Les Cent-et-un Robert-Macaire*, Paris, 1839-1840, two volumes, with one hundred illustrations by Honoré Daumier; Francis Mitchell, *The Awakening—Le Reveil*, 1950, inscribed by the author to Professor Schapiro; and the carbon typescript of a book on Karl Marx by Max Raphael, ca. 1933, with the author's corrections and revisions throughout.

Scott gift. Mr. and Mrs. Barry Scott have donated the copy of Walter De la Mare's *The Listeners and Other Poems*, London,

1914, inscribed by Rupert Brooke to Lady Eileen Wellesley. Daughter of the Duke of Wellington, Lady Eileen was an intimate friend of Brooke's during the last period of his life, and was the recipient of many affectionate letters from him.



"Chef d'Orchestre"; illustration by Honoré Daumier in *Les Cent-et-un Robert-Macaire*. (Schapiro gift)

Wagner gift. The extensive library of first editions and press books collected by the late Bennett Cerf (A.B., 1919; Litt.B., 1920) has been presented by Mrs. Phyllis Cerf Wagner. The nearly four thousand volumes of English and American literature from the late nineteenth century to the early 1970s include extensive holdings of the publications of such authors as W. H.

Auden, Max Beerbohm, Erskine Caldwell, Joseph Conrad, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John O'Hara, John Steinbeck, Robert Penn Warren and Virginia Woolf. Among the fine printing represented in the gift are outstanding productions of Cresset Press, Nonesuch Press, Golden Cockerell Press, Doves Press, Grabhorn Press, Cranach Press and the Kelmscott Press, including fine copies of the latter's folio edition of *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, 1896, and *A Dream of John Ball*, 1892, printed on vellum, both illustrated by Edward Burne-Jones. The following rarities may be singled out for special mention: Joseph Conrad, *Letters: Joseph Conrad to Richard Curle*, New York, Crosby Gaige, 1928, one of nine copies on green paper; William Faulkner, *The Reivers*, New York, Random House, 1962, number 1 of five hundred signed copies; D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* [Florence] privately printed, 1928, with a check from Bennett Cerf to Lawrence, signed by the author, tipped in; *United States of America, Libelant vs. One Book Called "Ulysses," Random House, Inc., Claimant* [1935], inscribed to Cerf by Judge Woolsey; Evelyn Waugh, *Labels: A Mediteranean Journal*, 1930, one of 110 numbered and signed copies with a leaf of the original manuscript bound in; and Edwin Arlington Robinson's signed autograph manuscript of his poem, "The Prodigal Son," which was published in 1929 by Random House in *The Poetry Quartos*.

Wilbur gift. Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Wilbur have donated D. G. Bridson's *The Christmas Child*, London, 1950, inscribed to them by the author, as well as a long letter, dated November 4, 1957, that they received from Bridson concerning Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound, and readings and verse plays on the BBC Third Programme.

Recent Notable Purchases

Berg Fund. First editions by Rhoda Broughton, Thomas Burke, Rolf Bolderwood and Marie Louise de la Ramée, who wrote under the pen name of Ouida, comprise the important works acquired on the Aaron W. Berg Fund during the past year. Individual titles include: Broughton's first book, *Cometh Up As a Flower*, 1867, and a three-decker, *Belinda: A Novel*, 1883; Bolderwood's *Plain Living: A Bush Idyll*, 1898, one of the author's several novels set in Australia; Burke's *Nights in Town*, 1915, and *The Wind and the Rain*, 1924, both inscribed to Crosby Gaige; and three-deckers by Ouida, *Folle-Farine*, 1871, and *Guilderoy*, 1889.

Engel Fund. Manuscripts by Harold Frederic, the nineteenth century novelist best known for *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, are exceedingly scarce and seldom appear on the rare book market. Until this year there were only fragments of two Frederic manuscripts in the collections, but recently we acquired on the Solton and Julia Engel Fund the entire holograph of Frederic's short story, "The Path of Murtogh," an eleven page manuscript written in the author's characteristic small and careful hand. A romantic tragedy set in southern Ireland in the sixteenth century, the story was published in *Tales of our Coast*, 1896.

Friends Endowed Fund. A number of the Libraries' greatest treasures have been acquired on the Friends Endowed Fund in the past, and this year we added the entire suite of 112 pen and ink, water-color and wash drawings by Randolph Caldecott for Washington Irving's *Old Christmas: From The Sketch Book . . .*, published in London in 1875. These represent Caldecott's first notable book illustrations, and their success led to his being chosen by Edmund Evans as Walter Crane's successor in drawing toy books. Though Irving's stories from *The Sketch Book* date from the early part of the nineteenth century, Caldecott more than a half century later

captures the spirit of an earlier period. Many of the drawings in the collection have notations and captions in the artist's hand.

Mixer Fund. The first American edition of Phillis Wheatley's *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral*, 1786, was ac-



"Viewing the Dogs" on Christmas Day; pen and ink drawing by Randolph Caldecott for an illustration in Washington Irving's *Old Christmas*.
(Friends Endowed Fund)

quired on the Charles W. Mixer Fund; the work has the distinction of being the first book of poems by an American black and the first substantial work by an American black to be published in

this country. The author's poems were first published in London in 1773 on the occasion of her visit there, and that edition was widely distributed and copies are not uncommon, but the American edition of the *Poems* is of the greatest rarity, only six other copies being recorded. Also acquired on the Mixer Fund was a first edition of the three decker by Arthur Conan Doyle, *The White Company*, London, 1891, and a collection of seven autograph and typewritten letters written by Tennessee Williams to his friend, the poet Frederick Nicklaus, from 1962 to 1970.

Ulmann Fund. A group of nineteen illustrated books and productions of private presses, acquired on the Albert Ulmann Fund, includes publications of the Plough Press, Rainbow Press, Officina Bodoni, Red Ozier Press and Observer Books, among others. Two handsome productions of the Officina Bodoni, Leonard Baskin's *To Colour Thought*, 1967, and Hugh MacDiarmid's *Selected Lyrics*, 1977, were acquired, bringing the holdings of this distinguished press nearer to completion. The authors represented among the books added include Ruth Fainlight, William Faulkner, Muriel Spark and Rupert Brooke, the latter being represented by the impressive limited, facsimile edition of *Four Poems*, published by the Scholar Press in London in 1974, signed by the editor Geoffrey Keynes.

Activities of the Friends

Winter Reception. "Russians and the West," an exhibition of treasures from the Bakhmeteff Archive of Russian and East European History and Culture, opened with a reception in Low Library Rotunda on Thursday afternoon, February 2, sponsored by the University Librarian and the Friends of the Libraries, and attended by nearly two hundred guests. The manuscripts, artworks, first editions and memorabilia on view illustrated Russian contacts with the West, the influence of the West on Russian culture, and the migration of Russians to the West. On exhibit were rare manuscripts and printed works of Peter the Great, Nicholas II, Mikhail Lermontov, Leo Tolstoy, Ivan Turgenev, Leon Trotsky, Vladimir Lenin, Sergei Diaghilev, Feodor Chaliapin, Anna Pavlova, Wassily Kandinsky, Boris Pasternak and Vladimir Nabokov, among numerous others. Also on view was the oil portrait of the last non-Soviet Russian ambassador to the United States, Boris Bakhmeteff, painted in 1953 by Nicolas Becker and donated last year by Mrs. Julia A. Bazavoff.

Bancroft Awards Dinner. The annual Bancroft dinner, at which prizes for distinguished works in American history and diplomacy are awarded, was held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Thursday evening, March 29, with Gordon N. Ray presiding. President Michael I. Sovern announced the winners of the 1984 awards for books published in 1983 which a jury deemed of exceptional merit and distinction. Awards were presented for the following: Louis R. Harlan, *Booker T. Washington: The Wizard of Tuskegee, 1901-1915*, published by Oxford University Press; and Paul Starr, *The Social Transformation of American Medicine*, published by Basic Books. The President presented to the author of each book a \$4,000 award from funds provided by the Edgar A. and Frederic Bancroft Foundation; Dr. Ray presented citations to the publishers.

Future Meetings. The Fall meeting, to be held on the occasion of the dedication of the new Rare Book and Manuscript Library, has been tentatively scheduled for December 4. The winter exhibition opening will be held on February 7, 1985, and the Bancroft Awards Dinner on April 4, 1985.

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